



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

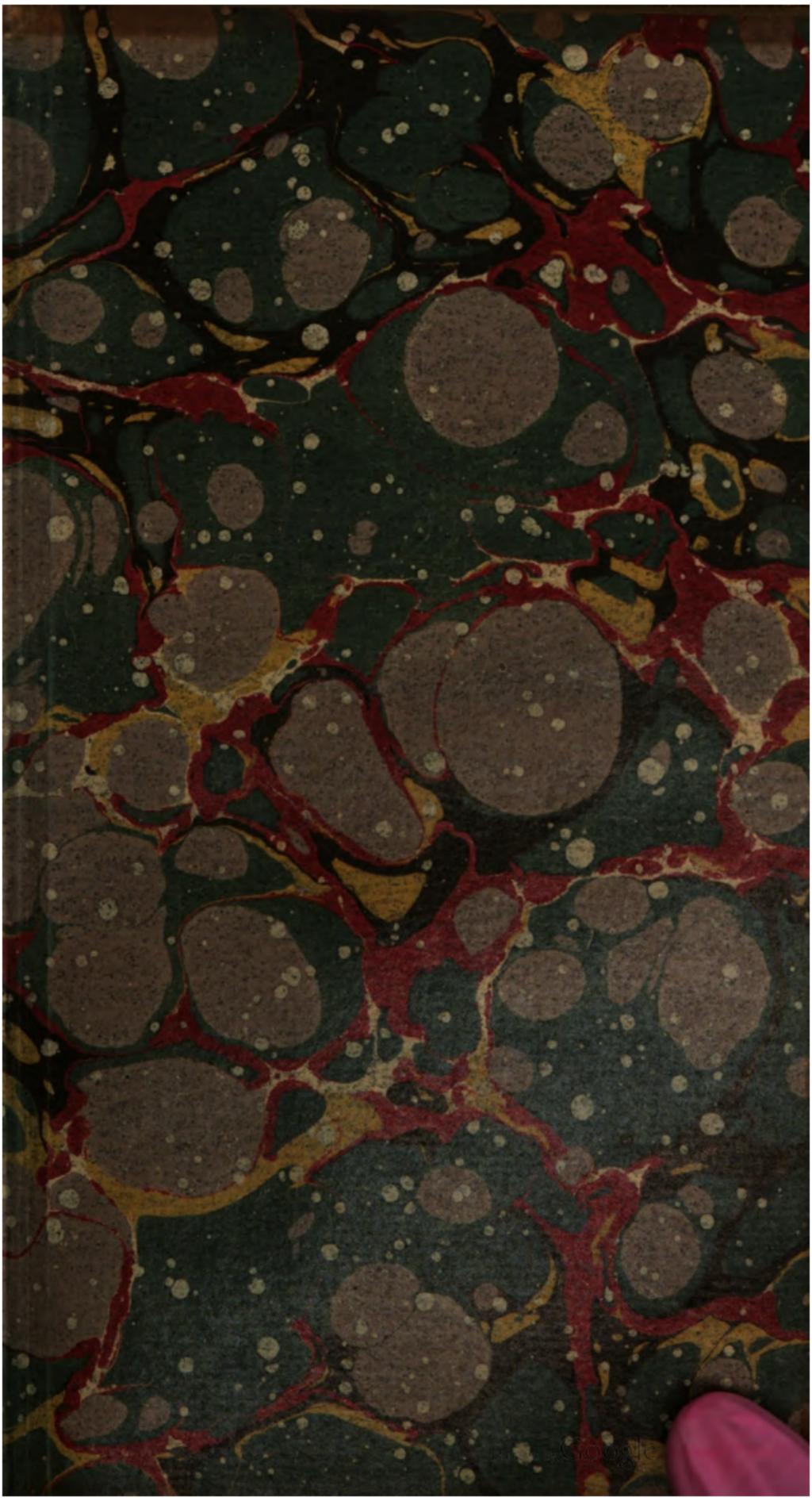
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





* Pitson

13131

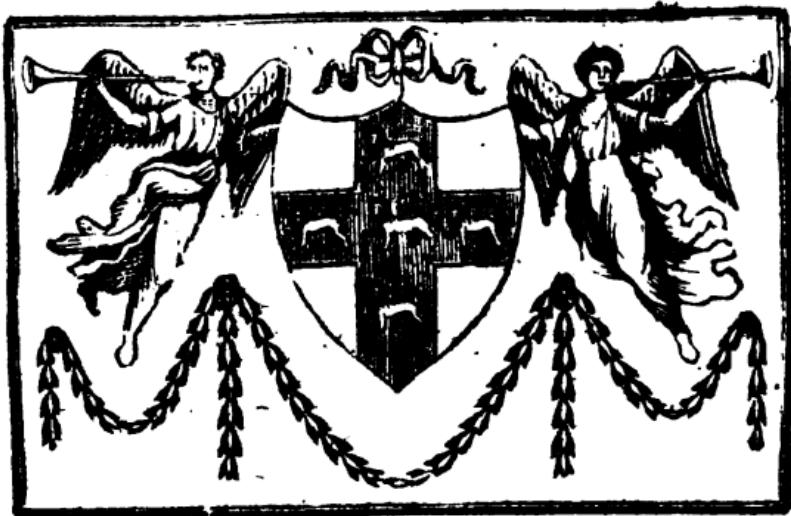
Rat. E 371

~~84~~
84-5

THE
YORKSHIRE
GARLAND.

BEING
A CURIOUS COLLECTION
OF
OLD AND NEW
SONGS

CONCERNING THAT FAMOUS COUNTY.



PART I.

YORK:

Printed for N. FROBISHER; and sold by J.
LANGDALE, Northallerton.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

Licensed and entered according to Order.

C O N T E N T S.

1. YORKE, YORKE, for my monie
2. The Hoare RACE
3. The Bowes TRAGEDY
4. A true and tragical SONG concerning CAPTAN
JOHN BOLTON, &c.
5. (In praise of YARM)
6. The GAMBLERS fitted



A NEW YORKSHIRE SONG, INTITULED:

YORKE, YORKE, for my monie :
Of all the Cities that ever I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the Cittie of London.

AS I came throw the Northe Countrey,
The fashions of the world to see
I sought for mery companie,
To goe to the cittie of London :
And when to the cittie of Yorke I came,
I found good companie in the same,
Aswell disposed to every game,
As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the citties that ever I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the cittie of London.
And in that cittie what sawe I then?
Knights, Squires, and Gentlemen,
A shooting went for matches ten,
As if it had been at London.
And they shot for twentie poundes a bowe,
Befides great cheere they did bestowe,
I never sawe a gallanter shewe,
Except I had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.
These matches you shall understande,
The earle of Essex tooke in hand,
Against the good earl of Cumberland,
As if it had been at London.
And agreeede these matches all shall be,
For pastime and good companie,

At the cittie of Yorke full merrily,
As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.

In Yorke there dwells an Alderman, which
Delites in shooting very much,
I never heard of any such,

In all the cittie of London.

His name is Maltbie, mery and wife,
At any pastime you can devise,
But in shooting all his pleasures lyes,

The like was never in London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.

This Maltbie for the citties sake,
To shoote (himself) did undertake,
At any good match the earles would make,

As well as they doe at London.

And he brought to the fieldē with him,
One Specke, an archer proper and trim,
And Smith, that shoote about the pin,

As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.

Then came from Cumberland archers three,
Best bowmen in the north countree,
I will tell you their names what they be,

Well knowne to the cittie of London.

Walmesley many a man doth knowe,
And Bolton how he draweth his bowe,
And Ratcliffes shooting long agoe,

Well knowne to the cittie of London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And the noble earle of Essex came,
To the fieldē himself to see the same,
Which shalbe had for ever in fame,

As soone as I come at London,

For he shewed hymself so diligent there,
To make a marke and keepe it faire :
It is worthie memorie to declare,

Through all the cittie of London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And then was shooting out of crye,
The skantling at a handfull nie,
And yet the winde was very hie,
As it is sometimes at London.

They clapt the cloutes so on the raggges,
There was such betting and such bragges :
And galloping up and down with nagges,
As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And never an archer gave regardē,
To half a bowe, and half a yarde,
I never see matchas goe more harde,
About the cittie of London.

For fairer play was neuer plaide,
Nor fairer layes was neuer laide,
And a weeke together they kept this trade,
As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

The maior of Yorke, with his companie,
Were all in the fieldes, I warrant ye,
To see good rule kept orderly,

As if it had been at London.

Which was a dutifull fight to see,
The Maior and Aldermen, there to bee,
For the setting forth of Archerie,
As well as they doe at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And there was neither fault nor fray,
Nor any disorder any way :
But every man did pitch and pay,

As if it had been at London.

As soone as every match was done ;
Every man was paid that won,
And merily vp and downe did ronne,
As if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And neuer a man that went abroade,
But thought his monie well bestow'de ;
And monie laid in heap and loade,

As if it had been at London.
 And Gentlemen there so franke and free,
 As a mint at Yorke again should bee,
 Like shooting did I never see,
 Except I had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

At Yorke were ambassadours three,
 Of Ruffia, Lordes of high degree,
 This shooting they desirde to see,
 As if it had been at London.
 And one desirde to draw a bowe,
 The force and strength thereof to knowe,
 And for his delight he drewe it so,
 As seldom seen in London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And they did maruaile very much,
 There could be any archer such,
 To shoothe so farre the cloute to tutch,
 Which is no newes to London.
 And they might well consider than,
 An English shaft will kill a man,
 As hath been proued where and whan,
 And chronicled since in London.

Yorke, &c.

The earle of Cumberlands archers won,
 Two matches cleare, ere all was done;
 And I made hast a pace to ronne;
 To carie these newes to London.
 And Walmesley did the vpshot win,
 With both his shafts so neere the pin,
 You could scant have put three fingers in,
 As if it had been at London.

Yorke, &c.

I passe not for my monie it cost,
 Though some I spent and some I lost,
 I wanted neither sod nor roast,
 As if it had been at London.
 For there was plentie of euery thing,
 Redd and fallowe deere, for a King.

I never sawe so mery shooting,
Since first I came from London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God sauе the cittie of Yorke therefore,
That hath such noble friends in store,
And such good aldermen send them more,
And the like good luck at London.

For it is not little joye to see,
When Lordes and Aldermen so agree,
With such according cummunitie,
God sende vs the like at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God sauе the good earle of Cumberlande,
His praise in golden lines shall stande,
That maintaines archerie through the land,
Aswell as they doe at London.

Whose noble minde so courteoufly,
Acquaintes himself with the cummunitie,
To the glory of his nobilitie,
I will carie the praise to London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And tell the good earle of Essex thus,
As he is now yong and prosperotis,
To vse such properties vertuous,
Deserves great praise in London:
For it is no little joye to see,
When noble youthes so gracious bee,
To give their good willes to their countrie,
As well as they doe at London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

Farewell good cittie of Yorke to thee,
Tell alderman Maltbie this from mee,
In print shall this good shooting bee,
As soone as I come at London.

And many a SONG will I bestowe,
On all the Musitians that I knowe ;
To sing the praises where they goe,
Of the cittie of Yorke, in London.

Yorke Yorke &c.

God save our Queene, and keep our peace,
 That our good shooting maie increase:
 And praying to God let vs not cease,
 As well at Yorke, as at London.

That all our countrey round about,
 May have archers good to hit the clout,
 Which England cannot be without,
 No more than Yorke or London.

Yorke, Yorke, &c.

God graunt that (once) her maiestie,
 Would come her cittie of Yorke to see,
 For thecomfort great of that countree,
 As well as she doth at London.

Nothing shalbe thought to deare,
 To see her highnes person there,
 With such obedient loue and feare,
 As ever she had in London.

*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
 Of all the citties that ever I see,
 For mery pastime and companie,
 Except the cittie of London.*

From Yorke, by W. E. [WILLIAM ELDERTON.]

(Originally) Imprinted at LONDON, by RICHARD
 JONES: dwelling neere HOLBURN BRIDGE. 1584

THE

SONG II.

The HORSE RACE.

YOU heard how Gatherly race was run,
 What horses lost, what horses won,
 And all things else that there was done,
 That day.

Now of a new race I shall you tell,
 Was neither run for bowl nor bell,
 But for a great wager, as it befell,
 Men say.

Three gentlemen of good report
 This race did make, to make some sport ;
 To which great company did resort,
 With speed.

To start them then they did require,
 A gallant youth a brave esquire,
 Who yielded soon to their desire,
 Indeed.

They started were, as I heard tell ;
 With, now St. George ! God speed you well !
 Let every man look to himself,
 For me.

From Sever-Hill to Popleton Ash,
 These horses run with spur and lash,
 Through mire and sand and dirt dash dash,
 All three.

Bay Corbet first the start he got,
 A horse well known, all fiery hot ;
 But he full soon his fire had shot ;
 What tho ?

For he was out of breath so sore,
 He could not run as here to fore,
 Nor ne'er will run so any more,
 I trow.

Grey Ellerton then got the lead,
 A gallant beast, of mickle speed ;

For he did win the race indeed;
Even so.

Grey Appleton the hindmost came,
And yet the horse was not to blame,
The rider needs must have the shame,

For that,

For tho' he chanc'd to come behind,
Yet did he run his rider blind;
He was a horseman o' th' right kind,

That's flat.

For when the race was past and done;
He knew not who had lost nor won,
For he saw neither moon nor sun,

As then.

And thus this race is at an end;
And so farewell to foe and friend:
God send us joy unto our end.

Amen.

SONG III.

The Patern of true Love;

OR

BOWES TRAGEDY.

Being a true Relation of the Life and Death of Roger Wrightson, and Martha Railton, of the town of Bowes, in the county of York: Shewing how the young man fell sick on Shrove-Tuesday the 27th of February last [1715], and dyed the 13th of March following: Wherein is set forth the hard usage which the young woman met with during the time of his sickness; and upon hearing the first toll of the passing bell, she fainted away; but by the shrieks and cries of her mother and a young woman, call'd her back again, and in amazed condition continued about 12 hours, and then she dyed. Also, the weeping lamentation made by both [their]

friends at the grave, wherein she was first decently laid, and then him ; being a fit pattern for all young men and women to prove constant in love ; with a word of advice to all hard hearted parents, not to cross their children in love. *N. B.* He was observed to say three times, (just before he dyed) Martha, Martha, come away.

Love is stronger than Life.

A Patern of true Love, &c.

ROGER Wrightson, at the sign of the King's head in Bowes, near Bernard-Castle, in Yorkshire,* courted widow Railton's daughter, at the sign of the George in the same town, and has done more than a year. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1715, he fell sick, and languished till Sunday next but one following, and then dyed.

Poor MARTHA (for that was the maids name, whom he courted) RAILTON, tho' privately, took heavily on all that time, and only had declared to her sister and mother, that if he dyed, she could not live. An honest friend is unworthily blam'd for doing what I would have done myself, had I known it ; for Martha Railton beged of him to go and see young Roger, and tell him she would gladly come and see him, if he thought fit, (knowing all his Father's family was against her). Roger answered, Nay, nay T—my, our folks will be mad, but tell her I hope I shall recover. Well, the poor lass almost dead in sorrow, first sent an orange, but Roger's mother sent it back ; yet about three days before his death, Martha went : His mother was so civil as to leave her by his bed-side, and ordered her daughter Hannah to come away, but she would not : Poor Martha wanted only to speak three words to him, and (altho' she stayed two hours) yet Hannah would not let her have an oppor-

* That is, Bowes in Yorkshire. Barnard-Castle is in Durham.

tunity, and so in a sorrowful manner she left him. Her book was her constant work, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; and she would oft say to herself, Oh! yon Hannah! if he dyes my heart will burst. So on the same Sunday se'night, at five o'Clock in the Afternoon, the bell was toll'd for him, and upon the first toll, Martha lay by her book, got her Mother in her arms, with Oh! dear mother, he's dead, I cannot live. About three minutes after, Thomas Petty* went in, and desired her to be more easie: Her answer was, nay, now my heart is burst; and so in mournful cries and prayers was fainter and fainter for about thrēe hours, and seemed to breath her last; but her mother and another girl of the town, shrick'd aloud, and so called her back again, (as they term it) and in a mazed manner, distorted with convulsion fits, (just as it is described in Dr. Taylor's *Holy Living and dying*) stayed her spirits 10 or 12 hours longer, and then she dyed.

At last things was brought to this issue, to be buried both in one grave, and the corps met at the Churchgate, but Hannah objected against their being buried together, as also she did at her being laid first in the grave; but was answered that a bride was to go first to bed; she being asked why she should be so proud and inhumane: answered, that the said Martha might have taken fairer on, or have been hang'd. But Oh! the loud mourning of friends on both sides, at the corps meeting, and more at the grave; wherein first she was decently laid, and then he.

BOWES · TRAGEDY, &c.

Being a true relation of the lives and characters of Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, of the town of Bowes, in the County of 'YORK,' who died for the love of each other, in March last,

**The friend, as it should seem, who carried the message as before related.*

Tune of, QUEEN Dido.

GOOD christian people pray attend,
 To what I do in sorrow sing,
 My bleeding heart is like to rend,
 At the sad tydings which I bring :
 Of a young couple, whom cruel fate,
 Design'd to be unfortunate.

Let Carthage Queen be now no more
 The subject of your mournful song ;
 Nor such odd tales which heretofore,
 Did so amuse the teeming throng ;
 Since the sad story which I'll tell,
 All other tragedys excell.

Yorkshire, the ancient town of Bowes,
 Of late did Roger Wrightson dwell,
 He courted Martha Railton, who
 In vertuous works did most excell :
 Yet Rogers friends would not agree,
 That he to her should married be.

Their love continued one whole year,
 Full sore against their parents will ;
 But when he found them so severe,
 His royal heart began to chill :
 And last Shrove-Tuesday, took his bed,
 With grief and woe in compassed.

Thus he continued twelve days space,
 In anguish and in grief of mind :
 And no sweet rest in any case,
 This ardent lovers heart could find ;
 But languish'd in a train of grief,
 Which pierc'd his heart beyond relief.

Martha with anxious thoughts possest,
 A private messuage to him sent,
 Accquainting him she could not rest,
 Untill she had seen her loving friend ;
 His answer was "Nay, nay, my dear,
 "Our folks will angry be I fear,

Full fraught with grief she took no rest,
 But spent her time in pain and fear,
 Untill few days before his death ;
 She sent an *orange* to her dear ;
 But's cruel mother, in disdain,
 Did send the *orange* back again.

Three days before her lover dy'd,
 Poor Martha with a bleeding heart ;
 To see her dying lover hy'd,
 In hope to ease him of his smart :
 Where she's conducted to the bed,
 In which this faithful young man laid.

Where she with doleful cries beheld,
 Her fainting lover in dispair ;
 Which did her heart with sorrow fill,
 Small was the comfort she had there ;
 Tho's mother shew'd her great respect,
 His sister did her much reject.

She staid two hours with her dear,
 In hopes for to declare her mind ;
 But Hannah Wrightson stood so near,
 No time to do it she could find :
 So that be'ng almost dead with grief,
 Away she went without relief.

Tears from her eyes did flow amain,
 And she full oft wou'd fighing say,
 "My constant love alas ! is slain,
 "And to pale Death become a prey :
 Oh ! Hannah, Hannah, thou art base ;
 Thy pride will turn to foul disgrace.

She spent her time in godly prayers,
 And quiet rest from her did fly ;
 She to her friends full oft declares,
 She could not live if he did dye :
 Thus she continued till the bell,
 Began to sound his fatal knell.

And when she heard the dismal sound,
 Her godly book she cast away,
 With bitter cries wou'd pierce the ground,
 Her fainting heart began 't decay ;
 She to her penitive mother said,
 "I cannot live now he is dead.

Then after thee short minutes space,
 As she in sorrow groaning lay ;
 A gentleman* did her imbrace,
 And mildly unto her did say,
 "Dear melting soul be not so sad,
 "But let your paffion- be allay'd.

Her answer was, "my heart is burst,
 "My span of life is near an end ;
 "My love from me by death is forc'd,
 "My grief no soul can comprehend.
 Then her poor heart did soon wax faint,
 When she had ended her complaint.

For three hours space as in a trance,
 This broken hearted creature lay,
 Her mother wailing her mischance,
 To pacifie her did essay :
 But all in vain, for strength being past,
 She seemingly did breath her last.

Her mother thinking she was dead,
 Began to strike and cry a main ;
 And heavy lamentation made,
 Which call'd her spirits back again :
 To be an object of hard fate,
 And give to grief a longer date.

Distorted with convulsions, she
 In dreadful manner gasping lay,
 Of twelve long hours no moment free,
 Her bitter groans did all dismay :
 Then her poor heart b'ing sadly broke,
 Submitted to the fatal stroke.

* This gentleman was Thomas Petty. See the Preface.

When things was to this issue, brought,
 Both in one grave was to be laid :
 But flinty hearted Hannah thought,
 By stubborn means for to perswade
 Their friends and neighbours from the same,
 For which she surely was too blame.

And being ask'd the reason why,
 Such base objections she did make ;
 She answered thus scornfully,
 In words not fit for Billingsgate :
 "She might have taken fauer on,
 "Or else be hang'd : Oh ! heart of stone.

What hellborn fury had possest
 Thy vile inhumane spirit thus ?
 What swelling rage was in thy breast,
 That could occasion this disgust ?
 And make thee shew such spleen and rage,
 Which life can't cure, nor death affwage.

Sure some of Satan's minor imps,
 Ordained was to be thy guide ;
 To act the part of sordid pimps,
 And fill thy heart with haughty pride ;
 But take this caveat once for all,
 Such dev'lish pride must have a fall.

But when to church the corps was brought,
 And both of them met at the gate ;
 What mournful tears by friends was shed,
 When that alas ! it was too late ?
 When they in silent grave was laid,
 Instead of pleasing marriage bed.

Your parents all both far and near,
 By this sad story warning take ;
 Nor to your children be severe,
 When they their choice in love do make ;
 Let not the love of cursed gold,
 True lovers from their loves with hold.



A TRUE

S O N G IV.

A True and Tragical S O N G, concerning Captain JOHN BOLTON, of Bulmer, near Castle-Howard who after a Trial of Nine Hours, at YORK-CASTLE, on Monday the 27th of March, 1775, for the wilful Murther of ELIZABETH RAINBOW, an Ackwoth Girl, his Apprentice ; was found Guilty, and immediately received sentence to be executed at Tyburn near York on Wednesday following, but on the same morning he stangled himself in the Cell where he was confined, and so put a period to his wicked and desperate Life. His Body was then purfiant to his sentence, given to the Surgeons at York Infirmary to be dissected and anatomized.

Tune of " Fair Lady lay your costly robes aside."

GOOD christian people all, both old and young,
Pray give attention to this tragic song:
My days are short'ned by my vicious life,
And I must leave my children and my wife.

When I was prisoner to York-Castle brought,
My mind was fill'd with dismal, pensive thought ;

Conscious of guilt, it fill'd my heart with ~~woe~~ ;
 Such terrors I before did never know.

When at the bar of justice I did stand,
 With guilty conscience and uplifted hand,
 The Court strightway then unto me they said,
 What say you BOLTON to the charge here laid ?

In my defence I for a while did plead,
 Sad sentence to evade (which I did dread)
 But my efforts did me no kind of good,
 For I must suffer and pay blood for blood.

To take her life I did premeditate ;
 Which now has brought me to this wretched fate,
 And may my death on all a terror strike,
 That none may ever after do the like.

Murder prepeñse it is the worſt of crimes,
 And calls aloud for vengeance at all times,
 May none hereafter be like me undone,
 But always ſtrive the tempter's ſnares to ſhun.

By me ſhe was ſeduc'd in her life-time,
 Which addeth guilt to guilt and crime to crime.
 By me ſhe was debauched and defil'd,
 And then by me was murder'd, and her child.

Inhuman and unparallel'd the case,
 I pray God give all mortal men more grace,
 None's been more vile, more guilty in the land,
 How shall I at the great tribunal stand ?

I should have been her guardian and her friend,
 I did an orphan take her for that end,
 But Satan did my morals so subdue,
 That I did take her life and infant's too,

To poison her it was my full intent,
 But providence did that design prevent,
 Then by a rope, fast twisted with a fife,
 I strangled her, and took her precious life.

My councel I did hope would get me clear,
 But such a train of proofs there did appear,
 Which made the court and jury for to cry,
 He's guilty, let the wicked culprit die.

When I in fetters in York-Castle lay,
 The morning of my execution day,
 For to prevent the multitude to see
 Myself expos'd on the fatal tree,

I then did perpetrate my last vile crime,
 And put a final end unto my time,

Myself I strangled in the lonesome cell,
And ceased in this transit world to dwell,

S O N G V,

In PRAISE of YARM.

LEAVE courts and great cities, vexation and care,
At Yarm all is peaceful, health breathes in the air,
The street clean and spacious, the houses are neat,
And the goddess Minerva has fix'd here her seat;
Content independent, serene and at ease,
Come trace the green verdure by sweet winding Tees.

Here plentiful prospects are seen all around,
Rich merchants dispersing the fruits of the Ground;
Here honour and commerce sincerely unite,
The Ladies are charming the merchants polite:
Content, indeendent, serene and at ease,
Come trace the green verdure by sweet winding Tees.

See snowy flocks feeding on every hill,
Soft Zephirs blow gentle, and cooing doves bill;
Each sense is delighted, all nature looks gay;

And this month of October* seems blooming as May;
 Content independent, serene and at ease,
 Come trace the green verdure by sweet winding Tees.

Now winter approaches should stormy winds blow,
 The mountain and valleys be covered with snow,
 The muse shall sing oft, the dull vapours to charm,
 Ill spleen and black envy shall fly far from Yarm:
 Content, independent, serene and at ease,
 Come trace the green verdure by sweet winding Tees,

Vauxhall, masquerades, and assemblies, I've seen,
 And all the bright circle surrounding a Queen;
 But what is the splendour of court, or of town,
 I can view nobler sights by the light of the moon:
 Content, independent, serene and at ease,
 Come trace the green verdure by sweet winding Tees.

What are stars, and gay garters, or titles and state,
 Or the servile vain levees that pester the great ?
 Let me act but discreetly my little low part,
 While virtue secures me a cheerful good heart:
 Content, independent, serene and at ease,
 Let me trace the green verdure by sweet winding Tees.

S O N G VI.

The GAMBLERS FITTED.

YOU sportsmen all both old and young,
 Come listen now unto my song,
 It is of a foot race which was run,
 At Drax in Yorkshire by two men,
 To my fa, da, la, &c.

One of whose names it was C——s W——r,
 Not a great runner, but a great talker,
 'Tother Eclipse a man of fame,
 For by his running he got that name.

On the twenty-fifth day of August,
 The time appointed that run they must,
 Where a great many people did resort,
 To Drax to see the famous sport.

When many people was come there,
 They some of them begun to fear,
 Says they no race we shall have I think,
 For C——s has come without his jink.

But soon the money he did produce,
 Or we shou'd have said it was his excuse,

O then says they now let's to place,
For I believe we shall have a race.

While the company staid in town,
They cry'd out Eclipse for half a crown,
No sooner into the field they came,
But the Gamblers all chang'd their name.

They cry'd out C——s for a pound or two,
Which made Drax people all look blue,
Oh says they our chance is ill,
For these must needs be men of skill.

They started but had not run half way,
Before C——s begun to shew foul play,
O then says Eclipse if that's the case,
I'll let thee see another pace.

Then Eclipse made a spring and left him soon,
Which made the gamblers to look down,
Upon that Drax people gave a shout,
And made poor C——s give running out.

O brave Eclipse thou hast won this race,
And brought this champion to disgrace,
Thy name shall be Eclipse for ever,
While Ch——s is nought but a deceiver.

So to conclude and end my song,
 I hope the gamblers will think on,
 And never shout with such a sound,
 To lay a guinea to a pound.

If any of you I do offend,
 With these few lines I now have penn'd,
 I ask your pardon for the same,
 But I'll conclude with Eclipse's fame,

To my fa, da, la, da, la, da, la,
 lade, dou, dade, dou, de.

F I N I S.



